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\* The author would take this occasion to state to the reader, that in the state, this whole narrative is strictly historical, and all the principal events connected with General Miles and his brave little band, are simply facts without embellishment.







— **GW** Friends Joseph's family is styled the House of Michayeburg.



A LEAF FROM LIFE.

is not married, but she thinks she can see a life ahead that grows out of the eye of the future like a man's hand.



## HOME VISIONS.

I have gone—I cannot always go, you know:  
But 'tis so—  
Home across the distant ridges of the years  
With my tears,  
And the old house, standing still in the old  
ground,  
There I found.

In the parlor, in my fancy, I could trace  
Father's face;  
And my mother, with her old accustomed air,  
Sitting there;  
Whispered them, brothers, sisters, true and  
good,  
Silent stood.

Through the stillness came the song of summer  
birds,  
And there stirred  
On the wall the leaf-flecked sunshine; and its  
glow  
Faded slow—  
But, from all the loving life I watched around,  
Not a sound.

Then I went up-stairs, slow entering 'mid their  
gleams  
All the rooms;  
And I trod with softened step along the floors,  
Opened doors,  
But I never heard a voice or met a soul  
In the whole.

Of the breaths that stirred the draperies to and  
fro  
Long ago—  
Of the eyes that through the casements used to  
peep  
Out of sleep—  
Of the feet that in those chambers used to run—  
Now are none.

Of the sunshine pouring down ward from the sky,  
Blue and high—  
Of the leafage and the ancient garden plot,  
Brown and hot—  
Of the streamlet and the rhinoceros, and the tide—  
These abide.

But beyond the same vaulting overhead  
Are my dead.  
Though their graves were dug apart in many  
lands.

Joining hands,  
They have gathered, and are waiting till I come.  
That is home.

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE ISLAND OF INDIANLAND.

John English, walking up from Normanford to Cliff Cottage on Thursday evening, was overtaken by Blackbridge. "Your purpose still holds good, I suppose, to go off to the island to-morrow?" said the latter after the usual greetings. "You could not have more favorable weather—mild and bright, and no frost."

"I have not forgotten my promise," said John. "I certainly intend to keep it."

"I have arranged for a boat to be ready for you at half-past ten, as agreed on," said the chemist. "For myself, I am going from home to-morrow, and shall not be back for nearly a week."

A mild and genial morning was that of Friday, but less bright and sunny than the mornings of several preceding days had been, and John English's practical eye told him that a change of weather was impending. "It will hold fair till I get back," he said, as he scanned the clouds again, and then he set off at a rapid pace on his way to Finger Bay. The distance was only six miles and a half, and that was nothing of a walk to John English.

He had got beyond the toll-bar on the East-ringham road—beyond the toll-bar, but not quite so far as the lodge of Ashford Park, when he heard the approach of a heavy carriage on the hard road behind him. He did not look round, but the sound closed close at his elbow, and a voice that thrilled him, a voice that he loved to hear better than any other in the world, addressed him. "Mr. English, of all people in the world, why have you been so long without coming to see us at Belair?"

John started, and took the little hand so frankly proffered, and bowed his head to a woman, as his long brown fingers closed softly over it.

"Do you not know," he said, "that I received a polite note from Lady Spencelaugh several weeks ago?"

"I know nothing of the kind," replied Frederica. "Neither do I in any way account for your treatment. Mr. Philip had asked after you several times, and I was obliged to put him off with some vague excuse, being myself at a loss to understand why you had never come to Belair since the last occasion on which you dined there."

"You cannot be more at a loss than I am, Miss Spencelaugh, to account for my sudden disappearance."

"It cannot be accounted for," said Frederica. "But Lady Spencelaugh is mistress of her own house, and has the privilege of doing as she likes in such cases. And so enough of an unpleasant topic. Will you take a commission from me, Mr. English?"

John signified how happy it would make him to do so.

"I want you to obtain for me a complete set of your human photographs, and Frederica. By what day can you get them for me?"

"I shall have to write to London for them, and can hardly get them down before Tuesday."

"On Tuesday, then, I shall expect them. But do not send them up to the Hall, Mr. English, bring them yourself—that is, if you are not otherwise engaged. On Tuesday between eleven and three, remember. And now I must bid you good-morning, for my way lies down here to Ashford Park."

"One word before you go," said John. "Sir Philip Spencelaugh—is he better than when I saw him last?"

Frederica's dark eyes turned on John with an almost fearful look. She shook her head sadly. "He is no better," she said. "He never leaves the house now. I dare not trust myself to say more."

John stood like one spell-bound till the last traces of Frederica's face were not among the trees. He had seen her again, and she had smiled kindly on him; and he was to see her again the following week—so ran the optics burden of his thought, as he went on his way

through lane, and coppice, and solitary by-paths where no human being seemed to have been for years, till the ocean burst suddenly on his view; and there below him was Finger Bay, with a man passing the beach, and a tiny boat moored to the rocks. John found a rude footway, by which he scrambled down to the shore; and on approaching, was surprised to find that the man he had seen was none other than Jerry Winch. "Blackbridge has surely never sent him to row me across to the island!" muttered John to himself.

"Good-morning, Jerry," he said as he drew near. "What are you doing at this out-of-the-way spot?"

The lad took off his conical hat, and gave one of his sweeping old-fashioned bows. "Jerry is here to row the gentleman across to Indianland," he said.

"I was not aware that the art of rowing was among your accomplishments," said John.

"Jerry knows how to row," said the lad quietly. "He has been to Indianland often with people in summer-time to see the ruins. He could find his way there and back in the dark."

"In that case, we will start at once," said John as he led the way to the boat. He was fond of rowing, and the anticipated pleasure of a good pull had been one great inducement for making the excursion; stripping off his coat, he now took the stroke-oar, and having pulled out into deep water, Jerry set the boat's head for Indianland, which was only just visible this morning through the haze.

A long almost pull through the green water, swelling as gently just now as any summer sea, for there had been nearly a month of fine weather—almost, because Jerry was not talkative at the best of times, and in the presence of the great magician, which he believed John to be, it was not to be expected that he should speak except when spoken to; while John's thoughts were too bright and busy for him to care about conversation. Once or twice, while John rested on his oar for a moment, Jerry's hand wandered into the folds of his waistcoat, to feel whether the amulet, which Blackbridge had lent him as a safeguard against the machinations of the dread Katsago, was still safe. It hung by a ribbon round his neck; and the charm itself, whatever it might be, was stitched up with a regulated silk in a piece of seal-skin, which smelt strongly of spices and strange drugs. Armed with this potent safeguard, Jerry felt tolerably brave, and went through the duties of the occasion without falling into a state of nervous incapacity, which was what the chemist had dreaded more than anything else.

So, after a time, the mainland began to look dim and distant through the haze, and the little island of Indianland rose prominently to view out of the green waste of waters. Jerry steered the boat into a little sheltered cove, and made it fast to a large boulder, and then John stepped ashore. Whatever might have been the state of civilization at some far-distant time, the island was now wild and desolate enough to have suited the tastes of the most unscrupulous hermit. It was only about a mile and a quarter in circumference, but the irregularities of its surface made it seem much larger. On three sides, it presented a jagged, irregular frontage of rocks to the sea, known to frequenters of the island as "The Shark's Teeth," and ranging from ten to fifty feet above high-water mark. These rocks were fringed with a thick growth of stunted shrubs and bushes, all with their heads raised from the rocky soil towards the shore. The ground inside this rocky barrier was thickly carpeted with long coarse grass, and dipped down towards a central hollow, sheltered, warm, where lay the ruins of the hermitage.

John English, standing on the fragment of a broken pillar, took in the features of the scene. Here and there, a portion of a wall was still standing, with one or two doorways, and part of a small circular tower, with a winding staircase inside, leading originally to a belfry, or, it might be, to a tower or screen of the sea, but he saw the ruin of the chapel window, which had been spoken of by Blackbridge, and which, though almost in ruin, was of exquisite design. There was nothing worthy of John's pencil. He had brought his materials with him, and he sat down at once on the broken pillar and began to sketch the window. An hour or so, with his pipe in his mouth, and his sketch-book under his arm, he wandered slowly back towards the shore. With the completion of his task, his thoughts had flown back to Frederica, and it was rather by instinct than by the exercise of any other faculty, that he retraced his way to the shingly cove where he had landed. The sea was at his feet: he brought himself back by an effort from the delicious dreamland in which he had been wandering, and looked around.

Jerry and the boat were gone!

But gone whether? John scrambled up on to a pinnacle of rock close by, and looked round. There was nothing to be seen, but the water in front of him, and the desolate island behind, and over everything the gray mist, growing graver and denser as the day advanced; but nowhere either Jerry or the boat. John called aloud: "Jerry! Jerry Winch! where are you?" And then he waited breathlessly, but there came no response. The foggy fellow has grown tired with waiting and has gone round to some other point of the island," muttered John to himself, and with that he set off to explore the little domain, bounding lightly from rock to rock, examining carefully every little indentation of the shore where it was possible for a boat to row, calling Jerry's name as he went, and so, after a time, he found himself again at the point from which he had started, having gone completely round the island, and with that the conviction burst upon his mind that he had been purposely abandoned. Once more he called Jerry by name, louder than before. After a short space of breathless silence, there came a low sibilant "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" out of the mist; and then there was nothing but the dull splash of the waves on the shingle, and the scuffling beat of Jerry's own feet.

He sat down on the shore, and buried his face in his hands, and his very soul seemed to sink down into a black abyss of despair, appalled by the thoughts of the terrible fate in store for him. Death by starvation and hunger—such was to be his doom. During the summer months, hardly a week passed without the island being visited by one or more pleasure parties; but at that dead season of the year no tale proven would ever think of visiting so desolate a spot; and John knew enough of that dangerous coast to be aware that passing ships gave him no thought as to the fate of the island. Whether his abandonment resulted from the working of some

black tortuous thought in Jerry's own added brain, or whether the simplest had been incited to the evil deed by others, was a matter which was useless to try then to speculate. John remembered with a pang of regret that he had not mentioned his intention of visiting Indianland to any one except Blackbridge, and the chemist had gone from home for several days. As for Mrs. Jekway, she would doubtless grow uneasy after a time at her lodger's continued absence; but then, John had always been an unaccountable mortal, and had not unreasonably left his lodgings for two or three days together, without giving his landlady any previous intimation of his intentions. Nay, even supposing that the old lady grew alarmed at his non-return, where, or of whom, was she to make inquiry about him? If she went to the police—what then? John was sufficiently acquainted with Jerry Winch's mental peculiarities to know that the simplest could keep a secret, if it were to his interest to do so, and with more than the cunning of a snake man. He could not help admitting that his chance of rescue was a very faint one. Months might pass away before Indianland was visited by a single sail; while a few days, ten or twelve at the outside, would put an end to all his troubles. This was not the first time he had borne hunger and privation; his frame was strong and hardy, and his constitution was such that he had borne with him as though he were at liberty to turn his thoughts to higher subjects; but through all his musing the image of Frederica moved, serene and beautiful, leading his mind upward, even as Dante was led by saintly Beatrice, to heights, sweet and solemn, fragrant with airs from Heaven, where earthly tempests never rave.

He sat then till the afternoon began to darken, and then he rose and wandered slowly towards the shore, but his eyes came on by the way, and he was obliged to sit down, and wait in silent agony till they left him. It seemed to him, to-day, that all the way as he walked back to the ruins he was followed by a ghastly monk—a monk in a black robe, and sandalled shoes, who walked behind him with bowed head, counting his beads; stopping when John stopped; starting again the instant that he started; never looking up, but going through his rosary slowly, bead by bead, and then beginning afresh. Although John knew that it was merely a delusion of his own weakened senses, he could not resist the shudder that ran through him whenever he glanced over his shoulder, and saw the dark weird figure following; noticeably behind—and such backward glances were very frequent; his head seemed to go round without any will of his own in the matter. He turned and confronted the figure, and it stood motionless with down-cast head, except that his fingers were still busy with his beads. He advanced towards it, and as he did so, it retreated, still keeping the same relative distance between them. He tried once or twice, by stopping suddenly, to catch the light pipet of its footfall—if it had any; but the very instant that John stopped, it stopped, and was evidently not to be caught by so paltry a device. Half laughing, half shuddering at his own folly in being thus terrified by a mere spectral illusion, John quickened his pace; and a few minutes later he crept in at the door of his den, and flung himself on his bed of bracken with a sigh of relief. He looked up after a time, and the figure was there, sitting in the doorway, still busy with his beads. Although nearly dark by this time, he could see it plainly, by some faint light, as it seemed, that emanated from him.

After a long silent stare, John said slowly between his set teeth: "I think I know how to exorcise you, my boy—at least for the present!" and with that he took up his flask, and drained off the last medium of sherry, and then set to work to munch his last biscuit, keeping his eyes meanwhile turned steadily away from the spot where the figure was sitting. When he had eaten the last crumb, he turned his head to look for the figure. It was gone. With a laugh that seemed far more dreary than any tears would have done, he turned himself round on his bed, for he felt very weak and weary, and remembered nothing more.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE WOMAN IN GRAY.

Fog, everywhere for not so thick as it had been in the middle of the night, but thicker than the previous day, and starting him in at a distance of forty or fifty yards as with an imperceptible wall. John English could not help a sinking of the heart when he looked around. His prospect of escape seemed to him, just then, even more remote than on the previous day. A pipe of Cavendish conducted his breakfast. He felt fearfully hungry, but he fought against the feeling, buckling the belt round his waist a little tighter, and determined to reserve his war and biscuits till his need should be still greater. There was a little streamlet among the ruins from which a little streamlet still flowed forth, as cold and pure as when, centuries ago, the monks first inhabited it in cavern grotto, and filled their pitchers with its limpid freshness; and a new record John took for drinking and washing purposes. It was to be seen, he thought, leaving about half a pint, and drinking the rest, and then he lay down to sleep, and so he went on till the fog still as heavy as before. This day was passed by John as the preceding one had been. Allowance of wine and biscuits as before. The influence of the day seemed to make itself felt even on that lonely island, John felt more humble-minded and resigned to his fate than he had hitherto done.

The fourth day. Monday. No change, except that the fog seemed a little lighter than on the previous day. John kept up his exercise, but was obliged to rest longer and more frequently than before. He sought himself once or twice waking up from a sort of half-sleep as he walked, in which he had forgotten where he was, and had fancied himself going about his ordinary avocations at Normanford. That feeling of nervous hunger which he remembered him so much previously, now came on at intervals; but it seemed to be raked with strange pains, which caught him suddenly, and tortured him almost beyond endurance for a time, and then left him so unexpectantly as they had come.

John was awakened before daylight on the morning of the fifth day by the dull thunder of the waves as they broke on the rocky shore of the little island. He crept out of his den, and glanced his way down to the beach. The fog was still of thick as ever, and the morning was perfectly calm; but a heavy sea was rolling grandly in with the morning tide, and John knew at once there had been a great storm on the Atlantic, perhaps a thousand miles away, of which these heavy waves were the only traces that would reach so far. His hunger this morning was so extreme that he could not help giv-

ing way to it a little by indulging in a double allowance of wine and biscuits; but even with this assistance, he found himself considerably weaker than he had yet been, and could only get through about half the amount of exercise he had set himself to do. Once he fancied himself with Sir Philip Spencelaugh, walking in the great park of Belair; and when he shook off the hallucination, and came back to the reality of his position, he could not stifle the sob that burst from his heart. Sometimes he would murmur to himself, half aloud: "I shall die, and she will never know how truly I have loved her!" but beyond that he was silent. Nearly three hours of this day were devoted by him to writing down in his pocket-book an account of how he came to be left on the island; and after that, he gave a brief outline of his history from childhood; concluding with the narration, in as few words as possible, of what had happened to him, affecting his personal history, since his arrival at Normanford. He also gave the address of two friends who were to be written to, and who would see to the proper disposal of his remains. He sat for a long time when his task was done, musing sadly, on a sheltered coast he had found among the rocks on the beach; watching, with thoughts that were far away, the great green waves rolling in with a regularity that was grand from its very monotony. He felt that as though he had been doing with such regularity as though he were at liberty to turn his thoughts to higher subjects; but through all his musing the image of Frederica moved, serene and beautiful, leading his mind upward, even as Dante was led by saintly Beatrice, to heights, sweet and solemn, fragrant with airs from Heaven, where earthly tempests never rave.

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Once again he awoke, some time towards the middle of the night, and saw with a strange sound in the sea—a last shrill whistle repeated again and again in quick succession. He started up on his bed, and then, still doubting the accuracy of his senses, stooped out into the open air. For the first time since his capture on the island, the night was comparatively light, for although the fog still hung low and heavy, the moon, no longer hidden by thick clouds, shone brightly through it, and transfigured it into a silvery haze. Again that sound—loud, clear, not shrill. Surely it must emanate from some living being. John's heart beat thickly, and for a moment or two both eyes and limbs failed him, as he sat half fainting to the ground. A minute to recover himself somewhat, and then up and away, as fast as he could go, in the direction from which the sound came. He tried to shout, but could not; and so, breathing hard, and stumbling, and then stopping a moment to listen, he at length overstepped the little sand-dune, and came down on the "shingly beach" of the beach. What his first glance showed him there might well have been taken by him for another phantom of a weakened brain: a dark, hooded figure, less tall than the first one, with something pendant from its waist, which it lifted over and saw to its hip, and blew shrilly, and then stopped, as if waiting for some answering signal. As John came into view, the figure raised its head to him to advance; and then he saw a little black moored close behind, and felt that he was saved; and a great throng of gratitude for the deliverance went up to Heaven.

"Come!" said the figure, with another wave of its hand, as he drew nearer: "I am here to save you. Do not delay, or we shall miss the turn of the tide."

It was the voice of a woman that spoke, but it came with a muffled sound out of the gray fog, which left no feature visible by that dim light, and John failed to recognize it. Still like a man in a dream, John stepped into the boat, and seated himself on the cushioned seat indicated by his guide. The woman followed, and a vigorous push with the oar sent the boat from land. "Is that basket at your feet you will find something to eat and drink; but after so long a fast, you must be cautious not to take too much."

A minute or two later, the tale of Indianland faded ghostlike in the mist.

The hooded woman pulled slowly and steadily, and the tide helped them on their way. "It must surely be a beautiful dream," thought John, as he lay back with closed eyes on the cushions of the boat. Who was this woman, that had come so mysteriously to his rescue? He asked himself the question once or twice, but he had

not sufficient energy left to be strongly curious even on that point; just then, he cared for little or nothing except the one great fact, that he was saved, and that he should see Frederica again. From the great cliffs of the mainland loomed dimly into view. "Let me at least know the name of my preserver," said John, as he stepped ashore in obedience to a gesture from his conductress.

"That you must never know," said the woman in gray; "and you cannot serve me better than by not attempting to learn it."

"Is there no other method left me of showing my gratitude?" asked John earnestly.

"Yes; one thing more you can do to oblige me: do not strive to punish the deplorable by whose foolish act you so nearly lost your life. Let him go in peace: he knew no better. And now, farewell. Behind your turn of the road, you will find a little country inn. Go there, and knock the people up; they will gladly take you in. There may still be some strong enough to return home to-morrow."

She pushed off before he could say a word in reply; and presently the fog took her and the boat, and he saw them no more.

## CHAPTER XXI.

A NEW WITNESS.

Nearly a month had passed quietly away at the little station-house at Kingsborough, and nothing more had been seen or heard of Mr. Henri Duplomis, or of Madam his sister. Alai Garrod began to alight to them less frequently in his conversations—an omission by no means disconcerting to his wife; for Alai had a habit of dwelling on one topic day after day, long after it was worn threadbare for conversational purposes, in a way that sometimes tried Jane's patience severely; and to any other person it would have seemed as if the little drama, one scene of which had been enacted under that humble room, had certainly come to an end, so far as the station-master and his wife were concerned, whatever other "business" might remain to be done by the more important personages of the play. Such, indeed, would have been the case, had Jane Garrod been a woman of ordinary culture—glad to make a few shillings by the letting of her rooms; pained at being able to oblige so fine a gentleman as Mr. Duplomis; and to have for an inmate of her house a lady of such distinguished manners, albeit of somewhat shabby appearance, as his sister—expecting for a few days a sort of indignant gratification that the weakness of humanity of her life had been so pleasantly broken; and then dismissing the whole subject to the resources of a shallow memory, whence it would rarely be evoked again. But Jane Garrod was a woman of far different stamp—a woman of strong nerve; of an intense, silent, brooding temperament; not impressionable, or readily receptive of new ideas, but very tenacious of any idea which her mind had once thoroughly grasped.

There were several reasons why she should have been over this episode of Mr. Duplomis and his sister. In the first place, she thoroughly disliked the man; with rare intuitive perception, she seemed to see right through the smiling mask which he wore before the world, down into the twilight depths of his nature; and perhaps the view was not a reassuring one. Then, again, her dislike was deepened by the fact of his keeping so persistently to the head of the business of Belair; for all Jane's sympathies on that score went with Madame's young Lord Bismarck, the Nimrod of the country, who did not, however, seem to take Frederica's refusal of him very much to heart. Other reasons there were why the subject was one not to be readily dismissed from her mind. From the moment when, with the assistance of the pocket telescope, she had witnessed the meeting of Mr. Duplomis and Madame on the platform, she had become possessed by a suspicion which she had not mentioned to any one, a suspicion afterwards turned almost into a certainty, when she placed together in her memory the many strange scraps of conversation which she had picked up, by accident as it were, while waiting upon her guests. She was well acquainted with her husband's habits of wandering much, but speaking not at all of the things deepest in her thoughts; and these matters progressed till a certain Sunday morning, three weeks after the departure of Madame, when Jane announced to her husband her intention of walking over to the church at Normanford, and attending service there. Normanford was about six miles from Kingsborough; and the church being the fashionable one of the neighborhood, was attended by the family from the Hall, and consequently by Mr. Duplomis.

Jane Garrod, from her seat in the second row of the gallery, could, by crossing over a stile, obtain a good back-view of Mr. Duplomis. Yes, there he sat, stout, inert, according to the traditional description of the service, communally dressed; without a doubt, in dark brown, but Madame's sister was certainly not by his side, neither could Jane see her among the company that quitted the church. What she did see was Mr. Duplomis whirled away in the Belair carriage, Sir Philip Spencelaugh being evidently well pleased to have him by his side; although there was nothing of pleasure discernible in the pale, exhausted face of Frederica, going out with a far-away look in her eyes from the opposite corner.

That came Sunday evening, Jane's niece, Kitty, came down from the Hall to drink tea, and have a good gossip with her aunt, who had prepared for the occasion some tempting cakes of a kind the young waiting-woman was especially fond of, as a certain method of rendering her good-natured and unassuming. When tea was over, and Alai had gone to the station to look after his evening train, Kitty opened her budget of news. Jane allowed the chatterbox's tongue to run itself down in a florid description of certain articles of millinery which Miss Spencelaugh had received from town during the past week, before she attempted to turn the current of the girl's thoughts into the particular channel in which she wished them to run.

"Has Mr. Duplomis been up at the Hall as much as ever during the past three weeks?" asked Jane at the first sign of a lull.

"This week and last week he was up nearly every day, more or less; the week before that, we hardly saw anything of him."

"How was that? Was he away from home?"

"Was not even from home," said Kitty.

"Quite different from that, by his own account to Mother, when they met together at the corner of the terrace, yesterday was a fortnight, and she within hearing behind the dairy-window all the time. I remember the day, because I broke a tea-cup out of the best set that was ever shewn. Says Mother to Mr. Duplomis: 'We've not seen you up at Belair for nearly a week.' What have you been doing with yourself all this time?"



not open to some, for example.







